

THE VERY LAST



ESCAPE from UofT

My name is Zeb. If it weren't for the true story I'm about to tell you, you'd probably think I was just an ordinary guy. Now, almost six months later, I can tell you of the four years that I was captive in an alien world.

It all started when I was in High School back in Orillia. I came home after classes one day in the spring of Grade 13. I decided to listen to some music. The pop scene was beginning to bore me so I decided to listen to something older, maybe classical. I put on Pink Floyd 'Echoes' and mixed myself a stiff one: two parts Acid, one part Mescaline, a dash of alkaloids, poured over crystal THC, with a peyote garnish. I sat back with the cocktail and lit up a bomber. The 400 dB pouring out of the speakers soothed me and soon the euphoric waves of comatose blackout washed over me, as every acetyl choline receptor in my brain screamed in overload and became permanently refractory.

It was at this point that they took me, while I was helpless. They must have put me into suspended animation, which I

was close to already, as I remember nothing of my capture or transport. When I revived I was there.

I looked around me. I was on a class M planet. There were open spaces with vegetation, and buildings of every shape and description, some recognizable, some horribly distorted and misshapen. Around me surged a steady stream of the humanoid inhabitants of the place. Most had a stupefied look akin to that of a decorticated cat. A few obviously those in authority, moved through the mindless crowd with contemptuous smiles. Two of them moved towards me.

"Do this problem set," one of them said handing me ten pages of material, "And hand it back in an hour."

"Yes," the other laughed. He nudged his companion, "And I also, I want a 40,000 word paper disproving relativity for tomorrow."

They both laughed uproariously and slapped each other on the back. I wasn't sure what to do so I started to laugh too and clapped them both heartily on the back.

"Insolence! Guards, guards!" they cried.

Immediately two hulking neanderthal-like forms in blue uniforms grabbed me by the arms. On their sleeves I could read the word 'UofT', and on their foreheads I saw the scars

aich had left them with little other than a brain stem.

"Mice, take this one downstairs in Med. Sci." said the shorter of the two, "and tell them to make it slow."

"Wait," I cried in terror, as I was dragged off, "what's going on? Is this a Bust? I mean wow. Must be bad Acid."

One of the 'Profs', as I later learned they were called, told the guards to bring me back. He brought his face close to mine.

"What is your number, scum?" he asked.

"Number?"

"ATL" he exclaimed, his putrid breath searing my nostrils.

"A, T...buh?" I was mystified.

"Ftosh" said my interrogator, turning to his companion. "He must be. Notice the pubescent facial hair and the crater face guards take him to registration."

They grunted in compliance and I was taken to a place where I was subjected to mental and physical abuse. I was made to stand in line for hours on end and to carry pieces of paper from one place to another and sign forms till I was nearly crippled. In the process I became "74129519" as I was to be known for the next four years.

I was also able to learn something about the planet I was on. It was called UofT, a

slave world where the natives or 'profs' kidnapped other beings to serve and amuse them, of whom I was now one. I was also warned of the consequences of disobedience, the horror of Med. Sci., the terror of the New College Cafeteria, and the unspeakable annex french fries.

As you can see the regime maintained its reign of terror mostly by dietary means. It was food they used to break the will of the subservient classes. And indeed there were several different classes of slaves. There were the lowest of the low, those who had been either naturally or artificially lobotomized, the Jocks. Above them came the Artises, captives of the planet Gaie, and shunned by all others. There was a middle range of Pharmacists, Meds, and Dents, and others. At the upper end came the mighty and venerable men of Skule, leaders of the 'Undergrads' as we were collectively known. Then at the very top came a very small but highly privileged group known Bio Cbems.

Because of my previous experience with complex organic chemicals and their experimental application in neurophysiology I was selected to join this exalted group, the Bio Cbems. We were allowed special food which prevented neural atrophy. Although our tasks were difficult we had

access to equipment and materials which could, when not under the watchful eyes of the 'profs', be turned into psycho active substances which fetched good prices on the black market.

It was thus that I accumulated a small fortune with which I had resolved to buy my freedom. For years I searched for a means of escape, but the ways of the 'profs' were mysterious and little understood. At last, however, my inquiries and bribes bore fruit. I learned of the ritual of the 'Black Gown'. I had heard stories of this at night after we had been locked up. I had always regarded these tales I told by the older slaves as fables and myths, but finally I got proof.

It happened one day as I sat outside eating the rations which my privileged rank allowed me. As I sat, one of the truly unfortunate ones sat beside me. His eyes were sunk into his skull-like bead, his body was pale and emaciated, and he was dressed in rags. I knew at once he was a pbd, one of the personal slaves of the 'profs'. I shuddered in pity and revulsion. He gazed at my lunch and drooled, then he looked up at me and whispered in a conspiratorial tone.

"Are you the Bio Chem 741295197, the one they call Zeb?"

I nodded.



# BIG MAC Attacks

What may well have been the highest scandal in fast food restaurants' history since Ronald McDonald was charged with bugging a partially decomposed rhinoceros broke into the open yesterday.

The entire Canadian public stood in horror as allegations of "Higher than acceptable" levels of syphilis in take-out foods were levied against McDonalds of Canada by the Ministry of Health and Welfare, in conjunction with the Ministry of Consumer Affairs.

The entire proceedings were being broadcast live, on tape, via a still-orbiting satellite from the Courtroom General in Ottawa, being interrupted only occasionally by vindictive but opportunistic commercials from the Burger King Corp.

The panel of judges were in various states of agitation, partly due to the unprecedented use of T.V. cameras in a Court of Law, but mainly because they frequented McDonalds at lunchtime.

The president of the accused corporation cowered in the witness chair as throngs of disgusted citizens screamed for his blood. His lawyer sat back exhausted as he racked his brains for a strong defence of his client. (His first reaction was to have McDonalds market Penicillin Shakes but they balked at the cost.)

The lawyer for the prosecution had little to worry about, and he merely sat back

with a moronic grin on his acne-ravaged face (he was barely out of law school - just over a month - but he knew that even a rhesus monkey could handle the case.)

The man responsible for precipitating this bizarre incident was a currently unemployed physicist originally from the University of Toronto. Apparently, he had suffered a Big Mac attack some weeks ago and foolishly purchased two such vomitburgers. He became concerned the next morning when his knob fell off into the toilet bowl. "Next time I'll check that goddamn special sauce," he frequently snarled bitterly.

The angered complainant sat at the bench with his private parts floating in a jar. His lawyer chuckled as several women lined up for his autograph.

The presiding judge was obviously exasperated at having to keep both the crowd quiet and the cameras from zooming in on the dismembered tool-in-a-jar.

"Shut the fuck up!" he yelled helplessly as an overhead mike clipped off a part of his nose. Startled technicians reacted too slowly to bleep out the swearing, and the whole nation gasped in unison as the jar came into focus with the judge's name displayed under it.

In a final act of desperation, he brutally hammered the gavel

on the bailiff's head and it exploded into a hundred pieces. Finally he achieved the quiet he desired, and he motioned to the prosecuting lawyer to approach the bench.

The lawyer did so, and indicated that he was carrying Exhibit "A". He carefully placed a hell jar covered with canvas on the judge's bench. He quickly snatched off the cloth and raced away. It was a Big Mac, purchased two days before. The jar shuddered and wobbled uncertainly as the hamburger threw itself furiously against the glass walls. The judge pulled backwards and away from the crazed hamburger. Even the president of McDonalds was startled.

"Do something!" the judge pleaded. The lawyer stealthily crept up on the Big Mac, fearing lest he anger it. He quickly lifted the glass cover and tossed a gas grenade at the hamburger. A minor explosion rocked the courtroom when it went off, but the strategy succeeded. The hamburger lay on its back, dazed and whimpering unintelligibly.

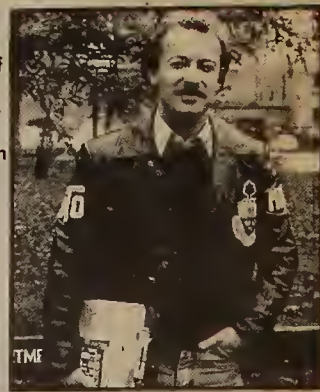
The judge and public alike were stupefied. This was no ordinary hamburger: this was the Big Clap ... the only hamburger that eats you. "Good Lord!" then presiding judge exclaimed, "This cannot go unpunished." As he sat back and pondered the verdict, a hamburger disposal squad noiselessly made their way to

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# TOIKE

How do you shoot a blue elephant?  
- with a blue elephant gun.

How do you shoot a pink elephant?  
- choke him until he turns blue. Then...

What did Tarzan say when he saw the elephants coming down the path?  
- Here come the elephants.

What did Tarzan say when he saw the elephants coming down the path with sunglasses on?  
- Nothing. He didn't recognize them.

What's the difference between an elephant and a plum?  
- No difference. They're both purple, except the elephant.

What did Jane say when she saw the elephants coming down the path?  
- Here come the plums—she was colour blind!

What has four wheels and four trunks?  
! Four elephants in an Austin Mini.

How can you tell when there's an elephant in the refrigerator?  
- When you find footprints in the butter—you knew it.

How can you tell when there are two elephants in your refrigerator?  
- You can't close the door.

How can you tell there are four elephants in your refrigerator?  
- There's an Austin Mini parked outside.

Definition of a quickie: No sooner spread than done.

Did you hear about the constipated mathematician who worked it out with a pencil?!

Q. How many people does it take to circumscribe a whale?  
A. Four-skin-divers.

Q. What's green and smells like Miss Piggy?  
A. Kermit's finger!

# JOIKES

## What to do with an empty Blue.



When you're smiling, call for Labatt's Blue.



# We Capitulate

That's it. The end.

Over the past year or so we have found ourselves to be the centre of attention in a controversy that has grown entirely out of proportion. As a result of this undue pressure, a number of editors have resigned and many long-time staffers have disappeared, presumably never to be seen again.

The bottom line is that if the Toike Oike is to survive, we need people, whether they be writers, artists, or people who just help out in a general sense. Not only engineers, but anyone who is willing to help out. Without adequate support, it is impossible to continually produce a quality newspaper.

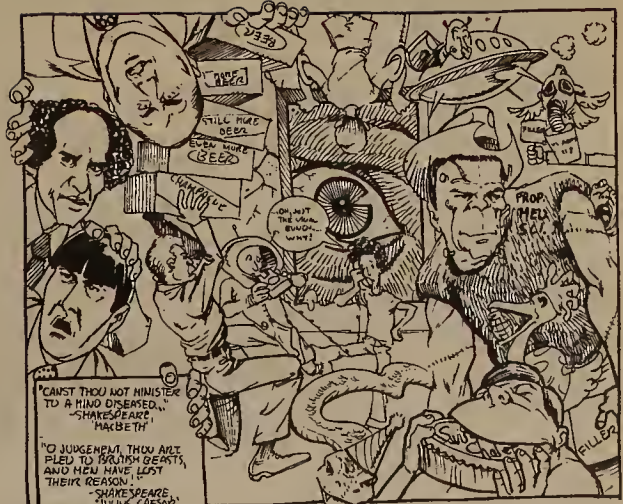
It is the common practice of many journalists to end their articles with the number '30'.

This is done to show a typesetter that the article has finished, so that he/she doesn't have to spend time looking for another page which doesn't exist. In this light, we find it especially fitting to embellish the cover of this, the final issue, with that number.

It is unfortunate to see a publication like the Toike Oike, one with such a rich history, to suspend publication.

But circumstances beyond our control have forced us to shut down. We, the remaining editors and staffers of the Toike Oike, wish to thank all those who contributed their time, effort, and talent to the paper over the years.

And so, with this issue, seventy years of Toike Oike tradition draw to a close. 30.



## THE VERY LAST Toike MAKEUP



## MOOSEHEAD

Eds Note: Bob Mout asked that his name not be mentioned in this issue. The editorial staff respects his request and would like to thank him for choosing some of the material in the past 3 issues.

**Dave Ind: 30.**  
**Britannicus:** If you want something done....  
**Sir Randall:** After 3 months, it's finally over.  
**Roto: Aargh!** I (shudder) actually saw a deranged Ontario Censor walking the streets! I'm scared. I'm not safe anymore. Nobody is.

The TOIKE OIKE is published every now and again in the interest of the Engineering Undergraduates by the Engineering Society of the University of Toronto. We live on the third floor of the condemned Metro Library Building at 20 St. George St. We can be reached at 978-5377.

EDITORUS — David Thompson  
ET AL

# Toike Oike

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO ENGINEERING SOCIETY

TOIKE OIKE, TOIKE OIKE, OLLUM TE CHOLLUM TE CHAY  
SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, HURRAY, HURRAY, HURRAY!

CHAMPION EDE THIS ONE IN SEPTEMBER 1976

## POSTAL PIFFLES

In an unprecedented move, the morning Canada's postal service in the unceremonious presence of Post has announced that they will be doing without all over the country at the end of the month. The spokesman for the Post Office said that the work-

He figures that the postal service will be shut down for a few weeks. The spokesman for the Post Office said that the work-

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The magical eyes appeared out of nowhere, accompanied by the sound of trumpets and a chorus of loud voices - when all was over, the transformation was complete. The spokesman had said in an interview.



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## Sexism Runs Wild On U of T Campus

Heaven Wanted: This provocative phrase appeared on a poster to attract potential students to the food now served at U of T Buggy Club. This ad of course, is a light and clever play on words that we're sure was quite amusing to anyone who could comprehend the pun.



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# DJ'S

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#1 of a series, collect them all....

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Look For More





Seconds before first shot, Santa waves at unidentified passerby.



First shot misses Santa, clips antler of Donner.

# UNWANTED ASSASSIN

by Sal Monella

Millions of Canadians were shocked on Sunday, November 14 as the well known legendary folk hero Santa Claus was mercilessly gunned down by a sadistic sniper en route to Eaton's.

Taking part in the so-called Santa Claus Parade for the seventy-second time, the fragile old gentleman was not expected to last much longer anyway. However, top

executives at Eaton's are concerned that due to the attack, Claus may not volunteer to enter the parade next year. The parade traditionally brings the company millions of dollars worth of free advertising.

"Uh, we've, uh, been getting, uh, these threats, see?" reports Metro Police Detective K.O. Jack of 52 Division. "Like, you know we've, uh, been getting these here, uh, threats since, uh, the middle of, uh, October."

"It seems, uh, that, uh, a lot of citizens, uh, seem to be wantin' to, uh, kill Santa Claus this year. We figure it's, uh, got a lot to do with, uh, what they got for, uh, Christmas last year. Like, uh, Bill Davis, see?"

"So, just in case, we, uh, got together this, uh, special force to, uh, cover the whole route. We, uh, thought we had the whole thing pretty well under, uh, control—seeing as how we, uh, had a handful of, uh, snipers in custody by, uh, 9:30



Sketch of weapon found by police near scene of crime several hours after the incident.

that morning. But I guess, uh, we might have missed, uh, a few."

This reporter asked the police if their security had not been a bit lax, considering the number of death threats.

"Well, uh, not really. We've received, uh, an equivalent number of, uh, threats in the past few, uh, years, but we've never really had, uh, any trouble, you know?"

"We figured that since most of the threats this year were from, uh, seven year olds, we didn't give these threats any, uh, credence, see?"

Regardless, the police had taken the precaution of doubling the force of armed parking attendants, traffic wardens, and police cadets along the route, as well as taking the extra precaution of placing a bogus decoy Santa in the parade. The decoy, cunningly constructed of styrofoam, tissue paper and old

rags cost the department an estimated \$5.00 and change. Jack was asked if he thought that the expense was justified.

"Well, uh, we did seem to draw the fire somewhat. By the time the, uh, decoy hit College, it was so riddled with, uh, bullet holes that we had to, uh, take it out of the parade. It was, uh, just missed by a grenade, apparently lobbed in its, uh, direction, at, uh, Avenue Road too."

It was later revealed that police had an irate ROM patron in custody, who claimed that he had thrown a grenade at a peanut vendor as a result of being served a rotten candy apple. He denied all knowledge of Santa Claus, and claimed he was a pineapple.

The parade started normally at approximately 1:30 p.m., at Bloor and Dovercourt. Following Plan B (section IIIa), the route continued along Bloor to Avenue Road, where it

**Keeps  
on tasting  
great.**



Eyewitnesses identified this man as the assailant.

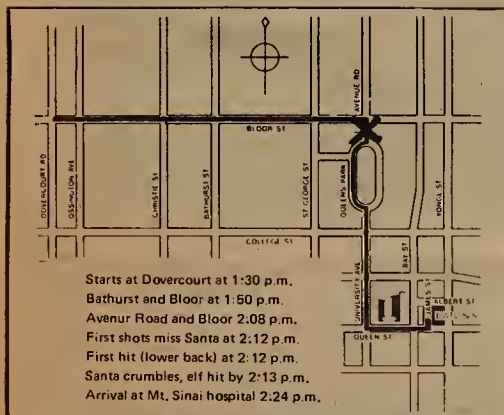


Third shot hits Santa in lower back. Impact knocks Santa forward.



Fourth shot hits spine: Santa crumples.

# IN MARS MERRIMENT



Parade route shows location of attack zone.

turned south. Parade organizers had hoped that this turn would confuse potential assassins who might take up positions further east on Bloor.

However, the snipers were not fooled, and apparently following inside information, located themselves on University just south of Bloor.

Suddenly, a shot rang out. At approximately 2:12 p.m., witnesses reported, a first shot was fired at the Claus float. The bullet passed over Santa's head and embedded itself in the float, chipping the antler of Donner (one of the reindeer) in the process. Apparently unaware of the shot, Claus continued waving until interrupted by Donner's screams of agony.

Within seconds, the second shot was fired. This, too, missed its target and embedded itself in a reindeer turd on the float platform. Still unaware of the exact nature of the situation, Claus attempted to comfort the wounded reindeer.

Small children screamed in horror as the third shot found its mark. Seriously wounded in the lower back, Santa was knocked forward from his sleigh. The fourth shot slammed into Santa's spine, shattering at least three bones and one candy cane. Pedestrians fled from the scene

as the unmistakably blood-stained Claus crumpled under his own weight. Six elves required hospital treatment, and one a funeral. An artificial Christmas tree had to be destroyed by officials later, along with Donner.

Sirens filled the air and a pipe band leading the float broke into a funeral dirge as attendants rushed to the scene. The crumpled Claus was poured into an ambulance, which then sped off southwards through the parade, killing seventeen clowns, one band, and a stray cat.

At 2:24 p.m., the entourage arrived at Mt. Sinai Hospital. Four thousand fans and half the parade had to be evicted from the Emergency ward and directed back to University Avenue so that the parade might continue on nationwide TV. The Surviving elves, however, were allowed to stay.

Officials reported some difficulty in having Claus admitted to the hospital. It seemed that the admission policy for legendary folk heroes was under review at the time and hence not available, and besides the nurse at the desk had not been happy with the engineer she had found under her tree last year. Furthermore, he was not covered by OHIP.

Meanwhile, police had set up

a city-wide roadblock (code name: rusb hour) in order to apprehend the criminals. Combing the immediate area, they turned up a suspicious looking sniper rifle and two Scientologists.

The Scientologists subsequently gave police a personality test, during which they admitted having just tested "two strange men with sniper rifles". The two men had scored rather low, but had declined to attend a free lecture on free will.

Using information supplied by the Scientologists (for a nominal fee), as well as news film obtained by an alert newsmen, police have pieced together a composite picture of the two prime suspects. Anyone able to supply further information is asked to contact Metro police.

Eaton's officials, meanwhile, shouting that 'the parade must go on!' selected a replacement Santa from the hundreds arriving on the scene. Fred Meoff, of no fixed address, was selected as the substitute Santa and supplied with a bullet-proof vest and a Holy Bible. The parade reached its destination with no further trouble.

Santa is in critical condition at the hospital.



Arthur Meoff, an alert GUP! photographer, managed to obtain film footage of the attack.

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# Voyager finds Life on Saturn

It appears that they are still elusive. The story began at Mission Control in Houston, where a strange combination of anxiety, apprehension, and lust pervaded the air.

As an unprecedented feat of engineering skill, Voyager 27 was attempting a safe landing, unlike the previous 26 Voyager "crashers". It proved to be an embarrassment to the United States at the UN, where they were accused by other nations of using the moon as a scrap yard for unsuccessful missions.

Almost as a tribute to American know-how, Voyager 27 hurtled out-of-control towards the Saturn surface. The long hours of waiting and drinking were forgotten as only three minutes separated them from touch down (and Voyager 28).

As the lander drew nearer to the surface, apathy spread like wildfire throughout Mission Control. Then accidentally, the lander's retro rockets fired on time, ending its wild gyrations. Mouths hung open at Mission Control; this one was going to land! Everyone began blaming everyone else.

Then as a sign of reassurance, the fuel ran out just five feet above the surface and Voyager 27 plopped unceremoniously safely on its side. This was an American first. Everyone at NASA was treating in and out deliriously.

With clock-like precision, the camera pod was readied for its first transmission. However, due to the lander's angle, the camera pod was gently eased into position some three feet below the Saturn surface. Excellent pictures of the Saturn subsoil were relayed to Mission Control, where most of the staff had gone home for the day. Unfortunately, misalignment of the antennae sent the pictures past the earth, well on the road

to Venus.

While the camera busied itself with its impromptu task, the scoop designed to collect samples of the Saturn soil was extended exactly on schedule. However, technical error in its assembly caused the scoop to unfold at the wrong angle, and so Voyager began collecting samples of its outer hull.

Back on earth, Dr. Buttock, chief scientist heading the Voyager program was somberly pondering the fact that a lot of pieces were left over when they finished building the Lander kit. And, in the back of his mind, the thought of another billion dollar burnout kept cropping up.

Oh sure, they'd given the press all kinds of excuses, ranging from Russian sabotage to meteor storms, but each excuse always carefully avoided the cause. Blatant Stupidity. He winced when he recalled 7, the time that the idiot maintenance crew 'forgot' to screw on the lander portion, and all stood by helplessly as the booster performed its maneuvers flawlessly...then dropped the lander smack into the Pacific Ocean. And God: Lucky 13...the ensuing explosion blew down buildings for miles around. They had a bell of a time apologising to the survivors and next of kin. But 23 topped it all. The booster ignited while the damn thing was still in tow to the launch site. Panic raged for the next thirty seconds, and a lot of innocent technicians were erased from the payroll that hellish Monday.

Dr. Buttock was at a total loss....Thanks to Voyager's moronic disembowlement, he would have to face the entire scientific community and explain how life could be based on beat treated Carbon tool-steel.



OV  
Oh ya!

## "Well ociffer (hic) it was like this....

This is one of those days when people deserve a chuckle. All of us (well some of us) have endured the confusion of traffic accidents and tried to summarize on those pitifully inadequate insurance forms in a few words or less, exactly what happened.

The following was published by Tilden, Canada's foremost homegrown car rental business for internal distribution. These summaries were actually submitted when police asked for a brief statement on how a particular accident occurred.

- Coming home, I drove into the wrong house and collided with a tree I don't have.
- The other car collided with mine without giving warning of its intentions.
- I thought my window was down, but found it was up when I put my hand through it.
- I collided with a stationary truck coming the other way.
- A truck backed through my windshield into my wife's face.
- A pedestrian hit me and went under my car.
- That guy was all over the road. I had to swerve a number of times before I hit him.
- I pulled away from the side of the road, glanced at my Mother-in-Law, and headed over the embankment.
- As I backed out of my driveway, the gentlemen struck me on my backside. He then went to rest in my bush with just his rear end showing.
- In my attempt to kill a fly, I drove into a telephone pole.

- I had been driving my car for forty years when I fell asleep at the wheel and had the accident.

- The accident occurred when I was attempting to bring my car out of a skid by steering it into the other vehicle.

- I had been learning to drive with power steering. I turned the wheel to what I thought was enough and found myself in a different direction goping the opposite way.

- I was backing my car out of the driveway in the usual manner, when it was struck by the other car in the same place it had been struck several times before.

- I was on my way to the doctors with rear end trouble when my universal joint gave way causing me to have an accident.

- I was taking my canary to the hospital. It got loose in the car and flew out the window. The next thing I saw was his rear end and there was a crash.

- As I approached the intersection, a stop sign suddenly appeared in a place where no stop sign had ever appeared before. I was unable to stop in time to avoid the accident.

- To avoid hitting the bumper of the car in front, I struck the pedestrian.

- My car was legally parked as it backed into the other vehicle.

- An invisible car came out of nowhere, struck my vehicle, and disappeared.

- I told the police that I was not injured, but on removing

my hat, I found that I had a fractured skull.

- I was sure the old fellow would never make it to the other side of the roadway when I struck him.

- When I saw I could not avoid a collision, I stepped on the gas and crashed into the other car.

- The pedestrian had no idea which direction to go, so I ran him over.

- The indirect cause of this accident was a little guy in a small car with a big mouth.

- I saw the slow-moving, sad-faced old gentleman as he bounced off the hood of my car.

- I was thrown from my car as it left the road. I was later found in a field by some stray cows.

- The accident happened when the right front door of a car came around the corner without signalling.

- The telephone pole was approaching fast. I was attempting to swerve out of its path when it struck my front end.

- I saw her look at me twice. She appeared to be making slow progress when we met on impact.

- No one was to blame for the accident but it never would have happened if the other driver had been alert.

- I was unable to stop in time and my car crashed into the other vehicle. The driver and passengers then left immediately for a vacation with injuries.



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# Hollywood Dick: Confessions of a showbiz Peeper

by Mickey Spittoon

First off, don't let the bright lights and the glamour fool ya - Hollywood is one tough town. At least, that's what those spics said when they roughed me up and took my wallet. Yeah, it's a tough town all right, where the nights belong to the bad and the beautiful, the hoods and the cops, the fairies, dopers and tax accountants - all the human garbage you expect to see in a town where drugs are plentiful, human life is cheap and hamburger is \$1.90 a pound. It's a rough place for chickens who don't know the ropes. It's a place where murder, perversion and making noise are as common in the streets as they are in the high schools and police stations. It's a jungle, and I'm the number one monkey.

The name's Mickey Spittoon. I'm a dick.

Looking at me, you might not guess that I'm a ruthless tough guy, a hardened killer and an Arthur Murray graduate. But I've got a reputation. That's why all the fat cats and big wheels in this town find their way to my fleabag dump of an office whenever they've got a problem to solve, some dirty business that needs looking after, or some laundry done in a hurry. Which brings me to my toughest case.

I'm sitting in my office one night, putting back a few drinks and deciding what kind of wallpaper goes in the bathroom, when some blonde walks in and plunks her keister on my desk.

I give her the once over, real cool, like, and try to untangle my tongue from my tie. When I say she's stacked, I'm not just whistling 'Rock of Ages'. She moves like a well-oiled machine, say a Sherman tank or a blender, and her tight dress is clinging to her curves and angles the way Pepto-Bismol sticks to your stomach linings.

"You're Mickey Spittoon," she purrs in a voice like velvet rubbing over a salted pork chop.

"Call me Fido," I says, gulping down a Milkbone.

She looks me over real good and takes a deep breath. "I understand you're someone who knows his way around a tight situation. You're good with a gun, bard as nails, and you change your underwear regularly. I need a man like you. How much to bire your services?"

She crosses her legs seductively, and smiles at me like I'm some rube from Peoria who's never seen a bit of thigh or bopped a bimbo silly in the back of a speeding taxi on Hollywood Boulevard and what the hell am I talking about, anyway? Something about this dame is getting to me. Maybe it's the seductive smile dancing across her full, ruby lips, or her low, sensuous, musky scent of passionate womanhood, or the fact she's not wearing any underwear.

"Suppose you tell me what's bugging that little blonde bead

of yours," i say. "Then maybe we'll talk turkey."

She bites a delectable orange lip and says in a small, scared voice, "Mickey, I think my husband is trying to kill me."

It's a familiar story, and I nod. Dames with homicidal husbands are a dime a dozen in this town, and about as common as Crypidina Hilgendorfi. She digs into her purse and comes up with a note, which she hands to me. I unfold it and see that someone has cut words from magazines to make up a message which says, "Dear Gloria: Our marriage has become a joke and since I have no sense of humour, I have decided to kill you. Do not try to stop me, as that would be grounds for divorce. By the way, where did you put all my dress shirts? Your sister says Hello. Sincerely, Your Husband."

"Your husband sounds like he means business. I take it there are hard feelings between the two of you?"

"No," she replies, "but all my boyfriends hate him."

All my warning signals are working overtime. My sixth sense is tingling and all my instincts are yelling danger. Something about this case smells; there's a rancid odor of something not right...

OK, so I lied about my underwear.

Suddenly, blonde drops herself in my lap and puts her arms around my neck. She spears me with her big, blue eyes and says breathlessly, "Mickey, I'm scared. He's going to get me sooner or later. You don't know what a beast he is. He's a mad dog killer, a blood crazed butcher, a fiend who has no regard whatsoever for the sanctity of human life. You've got to stop him. You've got to grab him and blow his stinking brains out."

While I'm chewing on this, she lays a kiss on me that bruises my lips and destroys \$2000 worth of dental work.

"Let's talk turkey," I say, when we come up for air. "I'll pay you \$50 a day, plus expenses." And you wonder why I work out of a crummy fleabag office.

I lift her off me, get up and haul on my shoulder holster. I unpack my rod and make sure it's in working order. Then I check out my gun. I drag on my trenchcoat and jam my battered old snap-brim hat down on my battered old head. I hold out my hand for her.

"OK, baby," I growl in my best frosted gravel voice. "We got a date with your husband."

We come out onto the street, and there, parked in front of my building, is the longest, sleekest, darkest Cadillac coupe in Southern California. She slides in easily behind the wheel and I get in beside her. I'm about to lay a line on her that'd make Bogey proud, when some mug drops a safe on my and I fall into a black pit.

When I come to, I'm looking up the barrel of a .45 in the mitt of some mug standing on my

chest. Now, I've faced down a thousand hoods and gungels in my time, but this one is a little different. For starters, he's wearing baggy red shorts, enormous yellow shoes and three-fingered white gloves. To top it off, he's jet black, and a mouse, to boot. He gives me a nasty grin, bites the bead off a chicken and spits feathers in my face. After a lifetime in the back alleys and mean streets, I know just how to handle cheap punks like this.

"Please don't hurt me," I say, "and I won't give you any trouble."

"On yer feet, shamus," he squeaks, "and grab some air."

He jams his heater in my ribs and we set off on a tour of the joint. It looks like your typical Hollywood mansion, but there's some kind of weird orgy going on. A naked Snow White runs past us, followed by seven naked dwarves. Over in a corner, Daniel Boone is doing something strange to a bear, and Juey, Dewey and Louie are ganging up on Daisy Duck. The mouse herds me down a side corridor and through a door marked, 'Private'.

The first person I see is blonde, and a snarl builds up in my epiglottis, as I figure she set me up for this. Then I notice she's hanging upside down from the ceiling, naked, in some kind of leather harness, and the snarl becomes a belch. Standing beside her is a guy I recognize instantly from TV. He's wearing high-heeled jackboots, a crotchless black rubber jumpsuit and a spiked dog collar, but I know right off it's Walt Disney.

"Mr. Spittoon," he says in his nice, fatherly voice, "so good of you to come."

"Call me Pluto," I growl, scratching my ass. "You've got a cute little racket, here, Walt. You play sex games with all the Hollywood weirdos, and rake in a mint. Unfortunately, wife, here, gets wise, and threatens to blow the whistle. You make things hot for her, and she comes to me. You sent this rat after her, he bounces a sap off my noggin, and now you're fitting us both for cement shoes."

He looks at me blankly, and takes a big slug of milk. "That's a very clever analysis," he says, "but you've got a few details wrong. First," he says, pointing to blonde, "this isn't my wife. I never saw her before. My real wife knew about my plans to build an x-rated Disneyland and demanded a bigger cut of the profits than I was prepared to concede. She was supposed to go to you for help, but she must have made a wrong turn somewhere, and wound up in Philip Marlowe's office by mistake. Which means this charming lady here is really Mr. Marlowe's client. Most interesting."

I get a picture of Philip Marlowe running around Hollywood with Minnie Mouse, but I'm not laughing. I'm a dick who cares about justice. I don't laugh when innocent people have been hurt, or when some ruthless hood thinks he can step all over society and get away with it.

"Lissen, Disney," I growl, "be a nice guy and forget the whole thing, OK?"

"I'm afraid that's impossible, Spittoon. You both know too much, and must die. However, your deatbs will be entertaining and tasteful, in full accordance with the Broadcaster's Code of Standards, and will not take place during the family hour."

Well, tings look pretty bad, and I'm figuring I won't be shaking down anymore blind newsealers for a while. Suddenly, I grab Mickey's tail and jam it into the nearest wall socket. The rhodent goes up like a Fourth of July fireworks display, and I scoop up his roscoe just as the lights go out. I spray the room with slugs, cut down what I hope is Gloria, and try to slip out in the confusion. After running into a couple of walls and over God knows how many dwarves, we make it outside safely.

Blondie collapses against me, pressing her naked body into my arms. She's passion personified, the kind of dame who can lead a man into an erotic fantasyland of sensual delights. I know she'd do it for me, if I beg her, and give her a chocolate bar.

"Oh, Mickey," she breathes. "Mickey, Mickey, Mickey! Everything they say about you is true."

"Call me Eloise," I say, and knock out two of her teeth. I wonder what she's heard about me, and if I can pay her to forget it.

Down in the valley, the cars are streaming down the Sunset Strip like moths attracted to the open flame that is Hollywood. I've got a girl, a gun, some memories and a hernia.

But no chocolate bars.

## The Engineering Society Presents: Cannonball

Sat., Jan. 31, 1981

Sheraton Centre

Semi-formal \$30/couple

Dinner & Dancing

featuring "SHOWCASE"

Tickets Available at the  
Engineering Stores.



# GODIVA WEEK 8T1

## JAN. 12-17

### U of T ENG. SOCIETY

#### MON. 12 • BOAT RACES

- enter your 5 man team by FRI. JAN. 9
- rules available at Eng. Soc.

#### WED. 14 • CHARIOT RACE

- noon
- front Campus

#### THUR. 15 • ENG. SKI DAY - OSLERBLUFF

- tickets at Stores - \$18. - includes lift ticket, return trans. - PRIZES - rentals extra - x-country avail.

#### FRI. 16 • SAC ROAMAROUND

- pub crawl

#### SAT. 17 • WINTERFEST PUB

- 8:00 P.M. in U.C. Refectory

GOOD TIMES!

## Mounties Hang Rats

The ugly head of RCMP wrong-doing has reared itself on the U of T campus. Information has come to light recently in the Federal and Quebec Inquiries into Mountie Improprieties has had far-reaching effects. The Varsity has learned of allegations that the RCMP had hired several informants in the laboratory animal colonies on campus. These colonies are responsible for supplying subjects for animal experimentation.

Clarence Zynphoid, the man in charge of Animal Services, denied any knowledge of the RCMP meddling. "I never heard nothing about it," said Zynphoid, "they didn't talk to me at all about it."

Zynphoid said he was not surprised by the allegations. "Some of them critters can get funny ideas, if you know what I mean. Funny, you know? Especially those damn rats. You never know what they're thinking - they'll even turn on you."

Apparently, four of the seven alleged informants were placed in the rat colonies. Mr. Zynphoid said he thought "something funny was going on." It seems that one of the four was a rabbit. "That ain't all," said the beast boss. "There was all sorts of queer things, like secret microphones and men in scarlet tunics riding in and out all the time."

One rumour has it that the monkeys and the dogs actually had performed a musical ride act. Mr. Zynphoid said that he thought there was something

wrong with the surveillance. "After all, they've got to keep an eye on the trouble makers."

These recent events have infuriated the Students' Administrative Council. "Plain and simple political harassment," said SAC president John what's-his-name. "There's a lot of feelings both ways in this. The animals say the two rats found hanging in their cages did not commit suicide but were murdered by the RCMP when it was learned that they (the dead rats) were involved in a plot to deliberately ruin the results of a third year biochemistry lab by displaying abnormal physiology."

The mounties admitted that they had had the rats under surveillance as members of the left-wing "Hassidic Eskimo Alliance" organization, a suspected laboratory terrorist group. Staff Superintendent Red Neck denied any RCMP involvement in the deaths saying that it absolutely put a dead end on their investigations. "We have information that the deceased animals were active in recruiting subversive elements using sexual blackmail and other means," said Neck.

"We're going to look into this all the way," said the SAC president. "This is just one example of the administration's complicity in the political oppression of campus groups. We are now assessing the information to see what we've got to go on. Once we're sure we've got all the facts we'll plan

definite action. We're going to discuss this at the executive meeting tomorrow after we decide on the program for our annual SAC-Hack Dinner, Dance, and Bingo Night. We should have a plan of action by sometime in mid-July."

Other campus groups are not satisfied. Victor Jerkov, spokesman for the Marxist Leninist Trotskyist League for Social Reform and World Domination and Seventeen Other Things, professional shithead, and part-time artist, said he was not happy with the SAC response. In a manifesto sent to the New College Registrar they outlined demands for Animal Liberation. They declared a week of mourning for their furry fallen comrades in "the struggle for equality and socialism against the capitalist imperialist oppression of the proletarian masses of the animal kingdom."

Jerkov said his organization's plans include eating rat food for three days of protest. "We're going to set up another table in the Sid Smith lobby to promote greater awareness of the political plight of our fuzzy friends. This goes beyond rats - we have proof of political interference and infringement of civil liberties in all species from dogs to drosophila."

University president-appointed Jimmy Ham said the university's position was that all animals are equal, and some animals are more equal than others.

## GODIVA'S BOX

To the Editors:

I am writing about the advertisement for Mr. Urine in the 1980 10 16 issue of Toike. The ad says that the sandwich shop is at the corner of King and Queen Streets. But, my question is WHICH corner? Is it the one in West end near Parkside Drive or in the East end near Kingston Road?

Sincerely,  
AST PHY 8T2

Dear Godiva:

I have this tremendous problem. My roommate is an engineer (Mech) and his sexual activities are amazing. Whenever I come back late at night the bedsprings are squeaking so loudly you can hear them down the hall. The girls are lined up down the hall two abreast. From time to time the door opens and one very bedraggled, worn out girl, with a look of absolute satiation on her face, stumbles out, and the next in line races in amid shrieks of, "hurry up, my boyfriend's waiting!" In order to get any measure of rest, I usually end up sleeping in the lobby. What can I do?

Concerned

Dear sweet-out-of-luck,

Where did you say you live?  
Godiva

Dear Godiva,

Is the plural of hard-on hard-ons or hards-on?

Just Wondering

Dear Wondering,  
Yes!

Godiva

Dearest Godiva:

I ate the breaded veal at Gnu Collich last week and now I'm plagued by terminal farts. What should I do? So far, I've lost all my friends, the computer won't talk to me, and the vines are falling off Knox College.

R.M.

Dear R.M.

Better leave town fella. I saw the guys from Natural Resources casing your place with a portable pipeline.

Godiva

Dear Squared Circle in 3D:

I'm so great. I think that the world will make me a dictator. Everyone will learn a lot from me because everyone will have to listen. The first thing I will do as dictator is to get Godiva onto my council. I may even learn about, you know, nudge, nudge, wink, wink.

Pete the Creep

ANSWKESBTP

P.S. In your last Toike, I found a spelling mistake.

Dear Creep:

You must be an Eng. Sci. Frosh. Only the scum of the earth could even conceive of such an asinine letter. I think that your hard hat is much too small. Investigate the possibilities of getting a frontal lobotomy. It could only help.

P.S. Try to cut down on caffeine pills.

A doctor was buying a machine for analyzing urine. The salesman challenged the doctor to a match. "If my machine cannot analyze what you give it, then it is your for free." So the doctor pissed into the machine, and 30 seconds later after lights flashing on and off, the machine correctly spurted out "You have tennis elbow." Quite amazed, the doctor got a sample from his daughter who had a rare ear disease. Again the machine analyzed the problem in 30 seconds, and responded, "Your daughter has a rare ear disease." Undeterred, the doctor gave the machine a sample of his wife's urine, and in 30 seconds the machine once more was right - she was 5 months pregnant. Finally, in an effort to win this fabulous machine, he mixed all 3 samples together, and in an attempt to confuse the analyzer, he added some semen. 30 seconds passed and the machine did not give an answer. 30 more passed and the doctor thought he'd won. But after 3 minutes, the machine finally gave the answer, "Your daughter has an ear disease, your wife is 5 months pregnant and if you don't stop masturbating, you'll never get rid of that tennis elbow!"



"Give it more power!"